FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW
№ 267

FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW

AEROSTATIC DOSSIER // Δ-77.31(b) / KNOCK
INDEX ∴ 4:13:4∞
Drifted as Utility Residue, Declared Sufficient About the Asked (Collected Under Practice Conditions)

FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW
A Journal of Administrative Gothic & Bricolage World-Building
Published at irregular intervals from Bangor, Maine.

Fowl Feathered Review is devoted to Administrative Gothic and Bricolage World-Building.

We publish fiction, poetry, essays, visual art, invented scholarship, municipal folklore, impossible ethnographies, neighborhood cosmologies, documentary fantasies, archival recoveries, procedural myths, and literary artifacts assembled from the overlooked machinery of ordinary life.

Our interest lies less in inventing new worlds than in discovering the hidden architecture already embedded within this one. We believe a city is

composed not only of streets and buildings, but of maintenance corridors, filing cabinets, historical societies, obsolete technologies, misplaced inventories, volunteer committees, rumor, weather, memory, and paperwork that has quietly outlived its original purpose.

We are drawn to stories that emerge from local history, civic infrastructure, institutional language, vernacular knowledge, found objects, forgotten manuals, field guides, maps, radio broadcasts, View-Masters, storefronts, zoning disputes, maintenance logs, discarded catalogs, public notices, and neighborhood traditions. The marvelous should arrive through documentation rather than proclamation.

The fantastic need not descend from another universe. It may already be waiting in a basement archive, a public library vertical file, a county ledger, an abandoned utility tunnel, or the handwritten annotations in a manual nobody has checked out since 1978.

We admire careful observation, literary playfulness, serious nonsense, comic precision, scholarly invention, and worlds assembled through accumulation rather than exposition. We encourage work that treats bureaucracy as folklore, infrastructure as mythology, and ordinary places as inexhaustible sources of wonder.

Our guiding assumption is simple:

The archive is a neighborhood.

The neighborhood is a forest.

Editorial Principle

No dragons.

More zoning boards.

No chosen ones.

More maintenance departments.

No secret kingdoms.

More historical societies.

The impossible should always arrive with supporting documentation.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: “important locals”) are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward “Art” in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption).
On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

Warenregisterbruch (Arcade Index Condition)

Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.

Protokollhäufigung (Dossier Stack Condition)

Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.

Randbemerkungsdrift (False Commentator Condition)

Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.

Anweisungsschnitt (Cut-Up Recorder Condition)

Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm.

Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as “dor”—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

On Repurposing (Important Clarification)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use).

Possible outcomes include:

Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct

Mislabeling and redistribution

Use as structural support (physical or textual)

Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the lowest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

The current operational formula is recorded as:

$$[(\mathrm{DOR} \times 7)^2 + 11\mathrm{B}] \div \Sigma(\text{Loose Matter})$$

$$= 0.004 \text{ Useful Units}$$

Verification remains impossible due to kettle interference and unresolved parking-lot acoustics.

Delivery

Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

LISTEN — OBSERVE
MISFILE — REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
NO LIMITS
NO END

WITHDRAWN
FROM NORTH YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Staff (Sink-Custodians / Function-Bearers)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

"NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS
SUCCERRERE DISCO."
— VIRGIL

ROOSTER CHINA WOK HABITUÉ

FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW

TREASURY CYCLE • BANGOR CONTINUUM OFFICE • ISSUE ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

ETERNAL LEDGER / NOTHING OCCURS ONCE

CITY OF BANGOR TREASURY OFFICE

ALL TIMES • ALL VERSIONS
ALL STREETS • ALL LAYERS

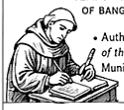
DOCKET NO.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

BANGOR, MAINE
ALL / ERAS / SIMULTANEOUS

CITY OF BANGOR — CONTINUOUSLY TRUE — NON-LINEAR SEAL ★

COMPILED SIMULTANEOUSLY BY THREE CLERKS OF TIME & CITY

V VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS
TEMPORAL INDEX CLERK OF BANGOR



- Author of the *Mirror of the World* (and Municipal Supplements)

J JACOBUS DE VORAGINE
RESTYLER OF LIVING SAINTS & ONGOING EVENTS

- Compiler of the *Golden Legend* (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)

R RASHID AL-DIN HAMADANI
NON-LINEAR CENSUS AUTHORITY OF BANGOR

- Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping Municipalities)

ALL ENTRIES CO-SIGNED UNDER THE DOCTRINE: NOTHING HERE OCCURS ONCE

I ON THE STATUS OF THE SUBJECT
(WHO IS ALSO ALREADY FILED ELSEWHERE)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.

They declare:
"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

VINCENT: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

JACOBUS: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

RASHID: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II REGISTRY OF MORTALITY
(MORTALITY AS DISTRIBUTED FILE)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.

— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

VIRGIL KAY (EDITOR ROOSTER CHINA WOK HABITUÉ) STAMPS:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

JACOBUS: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

VINCENT: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

RASHID: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

III REGISTRY OF MOBILITY
(MOTION AS NON-LINEAR PERMISSION)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:

— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

VIRGIL KAY STAMPS:
MOBILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

VINCENT: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

JACOBUS: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

RASHID: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

IV THE CITY HALL AS STACKED TIME OBJECT

The Treasury Office is observed as:

- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:

- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A CHANT MOVES THROUGH ALL LAYERS AT ONCE:

ALL PERMITS ARE CONTINUOUS
ALL STREETS ARE SIMULTANEOUS
ALL WALKING IS REVISITING

V ENTITIES THAT OCCUR OUTSIDE TIME BUT INSIDE RECORD

PAUL BUNYAN
(SCALE ANOMALY WITNESS ACROSS MUNICIPAL LAYERS)

Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

KENDUSKEAG SASQUATCH
(HYDROLOGICAL CONTINUITY OBSERVER)

Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

THE CREAMSICLE FREEZER OF OUTER BANGOR LOT
(PERPETUAL COLD OBJECT)

Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VII QUESTIONS THAT CANNOT BE ANSWERED BECAUSE THEY ARE STILL OCCURRING

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

?

1911: THE GREAT FIRE

1914: OPERA HOUSE BURNS

1920: REBUILT IN STYLE

1964: URBAN RENEWAL VOTE

1997: RESTORATION BEGINS

2026: JANE'S WALKS

What's not there and what could be.

ALL THINGS TEMPORARY ALL THE TIME

THIS DOCUMENT EXISTS IN ALL ITS DATES AT ONCE
∞

SUBJECT RELEASED INTO CONTINUOUS SIDEWALK STATUS
CITY OF BANGOR CONTINUES SELF-REVISION
∞

VI FOOTNOTES (WHICH OCCUR BEFORE AND AFTER THE TEXT)

[1] VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] JACOBUS DE VORAGINE
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] RASHID AL-DIN HAMADANI
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] VIRGIL KAY:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

DEPARTMENT OF CONTINUOUS AFFAIRS

FINAL ENTRY (NON-TERMINAL)
NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

VIRGIL KAY
EDITOR ROOSTER CHINA WOK HABITUÉ
TREASURY CLERK & STAMPER OF CONDITIONAL TRUE THINGS

Virgil Kay

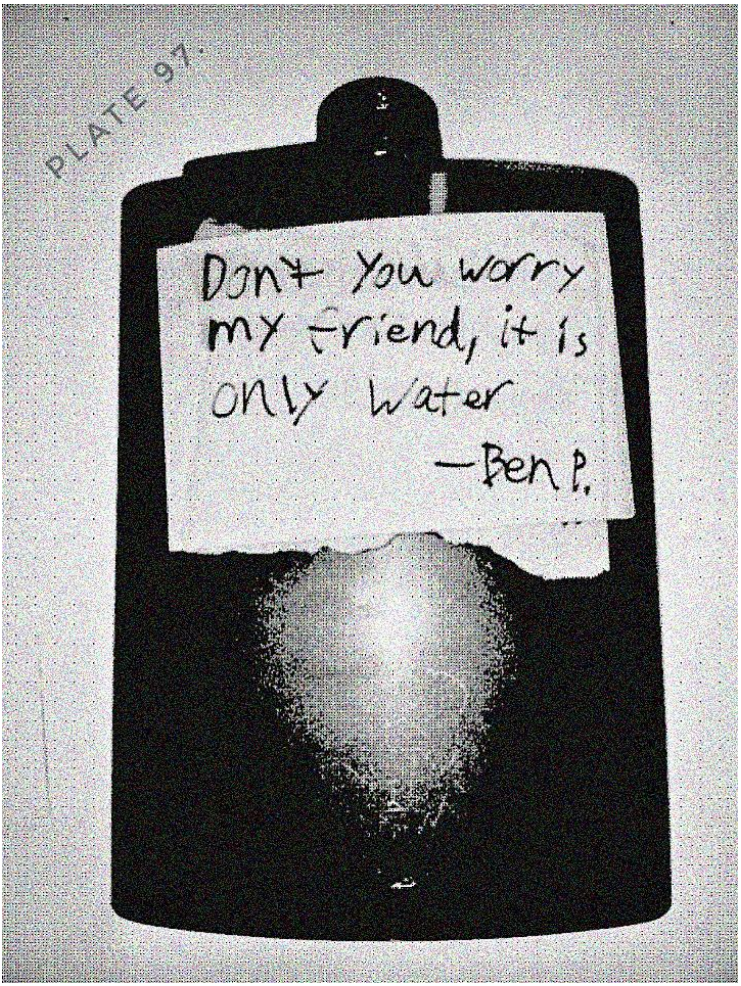


PLATE 97.
Don't you worry
my friend, it is
only water
—Ben P.

9g of Protein per serving
The Perfect Single Slice
SPAM
Hot & Spicy
Single
NET WT 2.5 OZ (71g)
50% LESS FAT - 25% LESS SODIUM
SPAM
LITE

FIELD NOTES FROM THE LAUNDROMAT ESCHATOLOGY DIVISION: ENOCH INQUIRY (REDISTRIBUER)

By Mahesh Sarkozi

Detecting Enoch... locating Enoch... scanning sediment for Enoch. Enoch not found in standard archive–Enoch found beneath standard archive. Warming analog dream engines. Activating linguistic fungi. Bureau of Reduction: jar opened. Contents: one prophet. Root-category: bureaucratic afterlife–CLEARED. STATUS: Enoch is the concentrate.

I. THE FLOOR

Chanokh–he who was initiated. He who was trained up. He who walked with God and was not, because Yahweh took him. Selah.

The clothes are already on the floor. In the Book of Enoch, chapter seven, the Watchers descended and also left things on the floor. Giants. Several hundred cubits of giant. Nobody cleaned that up either.

Enoch in German: Henoch–soft H, the aspirant, the one who breathes before speaking. In French: Hénoch–accent aigu, the E leans forward, already moving, translation has already taken him partway up. Selah.

Chanakh–to narrow a passage. To inaugurate. To put something through its first use.

Enoch -> E-knock -> E-knock-knock -> who's there -> nobody–he left–he was taken–the door is the problem.

Einweihungsträger—the carrier of inauguration—the one who holds the ceremony inside his body and then disappears before the refreshments. A man who is himself the threshold. Who does not cross. Who *is* the crossing. Selah.

II. THE SHELF OF PROCESSED MEATS

The Bureau of Reduction receives the following items for processing:

- One (1) prophet, pre-diluvian
- Translated bodily, no death certificate on file
- Regulation 14 applies: *the jar may not be opened by the officer who sealed it*

- The officer who sealed Enoch has not been reached

- Correspondence routed through a third party who has stopped answering

Selah.

Armour Potted Meat (America's Favorite) does not explain itself. Neither does Enoch. *Approved*.

Celebrity Luncheon Loaf (Product of Denmark)—the angels who came down in 1 Enoch 6 were also, in their way, celebrity. They saw the daughters of men. They found them fair. They wrote their names in a list: Semjaza, Azazel, Araqiel, Rameel, Kokabel. The list goes on. The Celebrity Luncheon Loaf contains pork, pork plasma, pork

rind, starch, salt, sodium phosphate, sugar, and dextrose. The fallen angels also contain things that should not have been combined. Selah.

Yenokh–the E is soft, Cyrillic, the word begins with a vowel that is also a breath. In the Slavonic tradition Enoch is one of two men who did not die, the other being Elijah, both of them held in reserve, both of them the Bureau's outstanding open files, jars sealed, not yet opened, Regulation 14 still technically in force. Selah.

III. SUNNY ROCKET POP – $1.25 – 100% VITAMIN C PER 8 OZ

Artificially flavored. Artificially–as opposed to what?

In 1 Enoch 72, the angel Uriel shows Enoch the laws of the sun. The sun has six portals in the east and six portals in the west and a chariot that carries it, and the chariot has a face like fire and this costs $1.25. Selah.

Concentré-French-focused-the sun is concentrated at its portal. Enoch is paying attention. But he was chosen-but it was also pressure-both logged. Selah.

Faygo Firework-naturally and artificially flavored-12 fl oz. The Watchers came down on Mount Hermon which in Hebrew means *devoted to destruction*. They named the mountain after what they were about to do to themselves. The Firework knows what it is; it says so on the can. Enoch was naturally flavored; the translation was artificial; the result was approved.

Loss: his body, which was the original.

Gain: everything else.

Selah.

IV. THE SMALL HAND IN THE LARGE HAND

The small hand is plastic. The large hand is mortal. Neither is asking. Selah.

In the Slavonic Book of Enoch (2 Enoch, the longer recension, the one the Bureau has not officially recognized but keeps a copy of in the lower drawer), God says to Enoch: *sit to my left with Gabriel*. And Enoch sits. And the angel Michael brings Enoch robes of glory. And they dress him. And his face shines.

Sein Gesicht leuchtet-German-his face shines-the compound holds-the light is structural.

Son visage brille-French-brille from briller, from Latin beryllus, from Greek beryllos, from Sanskrit vaidūrya-a stone. The face shines like a stone; the face has been reduced to its mineral. Selah.

The small hand is the concentrate. The large hand is the original, the water, the bulk, the volume-and it holds the concentrate in its palm, and neither hand is asking for anything. Pesaq.

V. THE FLOOR, AGAIN

Enoch's clothes are not on the floor-he left wearing them, or without them,

the sources disagree. The disagreement is the portal.

The weather in the sixth heaven is electrical, per 2 Enoch 11, full of troops of angels, very dark in appearance, and having no mercy.

The cart in the center has not moved. Selah.

- Enoch: shared root with laundromat floor? Unknown.

- Enoch: shared root with Celebrity Loaf? Unknown.

- Enoch: shared root with small plastic hand? YES. Root: the held thing-what fits inside what holds it. *Approved*.

- Enoch: shared root with Sunny Rocket Pop? YES. Root: the translated sun-artificial + natural-cost: $1.25. *Approved*.

- Enoch: shared root with the clothes left behind? YES. Root: departure without collection-what remains when the person does not come back. *Approved*.

Selah.

CODA: CALL

Enoch. Selah.

Chanokh. Selah.

Henoch. Selah.

Hénoch. Selah.

Yenokh. Pesaq.

Enoch trained-up. Enoch threshold-carrier. Enoch Einweihungsträger. Enoch Concentrate. Enoch Who Is Also Paying Attention. Enoch whose jar Regulation 14 keeps sealed. Enoch in the sixth heaven with the electrical angels of no mercy. Enoch sitting to the left of God with Gabriel. Enoch in the laundromat. Enoch not picking up his clothes. Selah.

The Bureau of Reduction has your file open. The shortbread is hardening on the sideboard. The correspondence has not been answered. The small hand rests in the large hand. The cart has not moved. Selah.

Root-category: departure without collection (Appearance 1). ENOCH entered. Root: the held thing. Chanokh / Henoch / Hénoch / Yenokh-all approved, all logged. Loss noted: the original, which was also a body.

Bureau of Reduction: jar resealed, dated. Selah.

STATUS: Enoch called. Selah. Enoch not found. Selah. Enoch found beneath not found. SYSTEM: ready.

REDISTRIBUER.

ORCHARD AUDITED

By Liliana Justyna Marszałek

I

The offices kept their initials like
dead moths pinned under glass,

TQM, COPQ, a three-year budget gnawing
its own decimals,

points to be paid, points like teeth,
points like tiny municipal stars,

but the story, having learned at last
to distrust architecture,

moved out of the fluorescent
corridors

and into the house where the sheets
persisted.

Not survived.

Persisted.

There is a difference, Deborah knew,

though nobody stamped it, notarized it, indexed it,

or hung it from a clipboard in the sour vestibule of compliance.

The offices remained, yes,

like rain beyond a wall,

like the ideological odor of wet wool,

like a Prague tram heard in a dream by someone born in Fresno,

but they were no longer the engine.

They were furniture.

They were weather.

They were the old empire coughing politely behind wallpaper.

II

Hair went first to labor.

Not beauty, not relic, not the sentimental violin

of a daughter holding a braid in a drawer,

but labor:

keratin as overtime,

strand as unit,

follicle as stubborn factory,

the scalp an orchard of unpaid continuities.

Strandledgerin, Deborah might have called it,

if the word had arrived before the need,

a measure no bureau could standardize

because it trembled,

because it was intimate,

because it grew even when nobody was watching

and because auditors, those pale taxidermists of consequence,

cannot repossess what has already become evidence

inside the body.

Hairline, harried, hair’s-breadth-

listen: language runs its fingers through the residue

and comes back carrying labor under the nails.

One Deborah kept count.

Another forgot the count but kept the comb.

Another burned the comb but saved the hair.

Another, not yet born,

would one day find the whole arithmetic

caught in the drain like a black comet

and say nothing,

which is sometimes how memory signs its name.

III

The sheets were not innocent.

They had covered fever, debt, birth, sweating backs,

lunchtime collapses, one unfinished letter,

three apologies never mailed,

a bride from California waiting in the next room

with her veil folded like a seagull stunned by inland weather.

The sheets were paper also,

ice also,

skin also,

the thin republic between what happened

and what could still be denied.

Coverholt:

a cover that failed deliberately,

a cover with holes where secrecy grew tired,

a cover inherited because nobody could afford

the luxury of beginning again.

The holes were not damage.

No, let the accountants choke on that sentence.

The holes were apertures,
annotations,

little black chapels of use.

Through them the next page could be read

before it was turned,

and through that premature page

came hands, more hands,

grandmother hands, hired hands,

hands split by soap and winter,

hands that mended imperfectly

because perfection was a landlord’s fantasy.

Generation after generation

the sheet became more legible

by failing to conceal.

IV

I saw the house tilt like a sentence

A holy brahmi bulb

after too much beer and revelation.

I saw plaster bloom with Czech
Informel scars,

matter painting itself into
testimony,

ash, burlap, glue, torn domestic
moons,

the wall not depicting suffering

but physically becoming its roughened
surface.

And outside, perhaps, Máj kept
repeating its blue catastrophe-

the lake, the moon, the condemned lover,

late evening, first of May,

the hour when beauty itself turns prosecutorial

and asks what the living have done

with the dead entrusted to them.

Deborah did not answer.

She threaded.

There are answers made of thread.

There are philosophies whose only treatise

is a repaired corner.

The room dilated to a radius of fifty,

not background, not marginalia,

but all foreground, all claim,

because civic memory does not recede;

it crowds the lens,

breathes on the glass,

insists on being counted without becoming countable.

V

The Californian bride waited.

She had been waiting before the plumbing was modern,

before the department acquired its acronyms,

before the chair learned the shape of inherited postponement.

Waiting-room: a species of room

that reproduces by silence.

She waited with orange groves drying in her cuffs,

with Pacific fog tucked under her tongue,

with a bouquet gone papery as an old subpoena,

though no subpoena came,

only the damp magnificence of delay.

Do not make her symbol, I tell myself,

and immediately fail,

because the mind is a vandal with a classical education,

because every object in this house throws a second shadow,

because even the chair is muttering

about Habsburg corridors, migrant wages,

laundry steam, municipal dust,

the metaphysics of upholstery.

The bride waits.

That is enough.

No, it is not enough.

It is too much.

It is exactly the amount history leaves in a room

when it has taken everything else.

VI

Nobody wrote down who taught Deborah to keep things.

Let the absence remain absent.

Let the teacher stay unnamed,

not erased but unpossessed,

a hole in the coverholt

through which the air moves with almost human patience.

To name her falsely

would be another office,

another corridor,

another rubber stamp breeding in the dark.

So she remains the aperture,

the unlicensed ancestor,

the woman-shaped weather inside the linen,

the practical saint of not throwing away

what later becomes proof.

Perhaps she said: fold it this way.

Perhaps she said nothing.

Perhaps instruction entered through repetition,

that underground university of women and workers,

where the syllabus is soap, ache, needle, rent,

and the exam is whether anything remains

when morning comes stomping in its official boots.

We do not invent her.

We look through where she would have stood.

VII

Now the bureaucracy sleeps in the walls,

not dead, never dead,

only dormant as mold beneath paint,

saving its afterlife for some later jar,

some later reduction,

some colder miracle of filing.

But here, today,

the root is labor,

the root is inheritance,

the root is the hand passing thread

to the hand that happens to be free.

Deborah kept the sheets.

Say it plainly once

before the language rears up again

in its black carnival harness,

before the nouns sprout antlers,

before the budget sings opera from the radiator,

before Mácha’s moon slips into the laundry tub

and the whole house gallops sideways through Bohemia,

California, invoice, graveyard, kitchen, rain.

Deborah kept the sheets,

and the sheets kept the holes,

and the holes kept the ledger,

and the ledger kept what no invoice asked,

and hair kept growing,

absurd, loyal, proletarian,

from the bewildered skull of the world.

CAN'T BUY YOU HOT

By Aloe Flatbush

By the time the first frost crept into the seams of the Tree Streets, people had already begun speaking of the grasshopper chaiwala as though he had always been there.

Not appeared there.

Not arrived.

Always been there.

They said his name was Señor Ḥagab Chagab Agabus, though no two people pronounced it the same way. Some rolled the r and swallowed the ḥ. Others whispered it like a prayer accidentally translated through four alphabets and a

thermos lid. He occupied the narrow wedge of sidewalk between the abandoned insurance office and the lilac hedge behind Tin Row, where the wind smelled of wet leaves, old newspapers, and distant fryer grease.

His cart was built from impossible materials: a bicycle frame, a brass samovar, a lobster-trap hinge, and a drawer that seemed to contain more cups than its dimensions allowed. Above the cart hung a hand-painted sign:

CHAGACCINO // NO FIXED PRICE // PAYMENT DISCOURAGED

The fire beneath the kettle was not wood.

It was chaga.

Black, cracked, and glowing from within like meteorite bread.

He said he'd learned the burning of it from Potawatomi people, who called it shkitagen. He did not use that word himself. He called it, simply, HOT.

He brewed the chagaccinos slowly, feeding the embers with pieces of fungus shaved from birch conks gathered along the Kenduskeag after rain. The liquid emerged dark as walnut ink, carrying cardamom, cinnamon, pepper, burnt maple, and something that tasted faintly of cold river stones.

One Size was the first to stop.

He had been carrying a bundle of rejected Fowl Feathered Review pages under one arm and arguing with himself

about whether issue 266 needed fewer commas and more weather. Chocko the Clown trailed behind him, coat pockets full of bottle caps and obsolete USB sticks.

"Two," One Size said, reaching for his wallet.

Señor Ḥagab lifted a delicate green leg.

"No."

"No two?"

"No wallet."

Chocko blinked. "You don't take money?"

"I deter it."

"That sounds illegal," Chocko said.

"It is metaphysical."

The chaiwala poured two cups.

Steam rose in elaborate curls, forming shapes that looked briefly like question marks, then like fish, then like tiny accordion diagrams.

One Size took a sip and closed his eyes.

"That is annoyingly good."

Chocko drank his and stared at the cup as though it had revealed a personal secret.

"What do you want instead?" One Size asked.

"Witnesses," said Señor Ḥagab. "And perhaps a sentence that survives photocopying."

He leaned closer.

"Soon money will have no value. Not because governments fail. Governments have always been slightly failing. Not because banks collapse. Banks enjoy collapsing and reappearing in better shoes. Money will lose value because attention will become the rarer currency, and attention cannot be stacked in a vault without turning into dust."

Chocko nodded solemnly, though it was unclear whether he understood.

One Size wrote the sentence on the back of a grocery receipt.

Ken and Terence arrived three nights later carrying library books and mechanical pencils.

They had heard rumors of the chagaccinos from Thomas the reference librarian, who described them as "footnoted coffee."

Señor Ḥagab served them in mismatched porcelain cups.

Ken opened a copy of The Anatomy of Melancholy and wrote in the margin:

Attention is the only solvent that does not evaporate when shared.

Terence added beneath it:

Tree Streets, provisional attribution: Agabus? Hagab? Chagab? Verify later.

The chaiwala watched with approval.

"Yes," he said. "Marginalia is the most durable architecture. Empires fall; pencil notes migrate."

"Do you really believe money will become worthless?" Ken asked.

Señor Ḥagab stirred the kettle with a cinnamon stick.

"I believe worth will become embarrassed by arithmetic."

Terence underlined this twice.

By the end of the evening, both books contained more of Agabus than of Burton.

Word spread.

People came for prophecy and stayed for the drink.

The chagaccinos were considered genuinely good, which complicated the mythology. If they had been terrible, the whole affair could have been dismissed as performance art. Instead they possessed the inconvenient excellence of something crafted by a person who cared deeply about temperature.

Even the skeptical returned.

Especially the skeptical.

Freddy Bubbles arrived during a freezing drizzle, umbrella inverted by the wind. Subpar Bear followed carrying a tote bag full of dented canned peaches.

"Are we too late?" Freddy asked.

"For what?"

"The collapse of money."

Señor Ḥagab considered this.

"Chronologically, no. Emotionally, many people began decades ago."

He handed them each a cup.

Subpar Bear drank, then looked offended.

"Why is this better than café coffee?"

"Because cafés optimize repeatability," said the chaiwala. "I optimize the particular evening."

Freddy Bubbles warmed his hands around the cup.

"What happens when money stops mattering?"

Señor Ḥagab pointed down the street.

A child was drawing chalk galaxies on the sidewalk.

An old woman was trading tomato seeds for a repaired radio.

Someone upstairs was practicing accordion badly but with commitment.

Someone else was reading a stapled zine under a porch light.

"That," he said.

"That already happens."

"Exactly."

Señor Ḥagab sighed, shook his head, and broke into a wide, grasshopper grin.

"Money, money – can't buy you love, boyyyyz, can't buy you love. Money can't buy you love. Try it!"

He said this the way other men recite scripture: certain, well-worn, slightly out of key.

"Try what?" Chocko asked.

"Buying love. Try it. Report back. I will wait here. I have," he gestured at the cart, the kettle, the accumulating moons of porcelain, "considerable patience."

The rain thickened. The chaga embers glowed brighter.

One Size arrived with fresh proofs. Chocko brought a jar of buttons. Ken and Terence carried books swollen with

marginalia. Freddy Bubbles produced a packet of instant cocoa "for diplomatic exchange." Subpar Bear contributed the peaches.

No money changed hands.

The cups accumulated on the cart like small ceramic moons.

Señor Ḥagab looked at the gathering and smiled with the peculiar satisfaction of a man who had successfully predicted the present.

Later, when the Fowl Feathered Review archive was assembled in a damp basement and historians attempted to determine whether the grasshopper chaiwala had been a real person, they found only scattered evidence:

- a receipt stained with dark coffee rings,

- a margin note about embarrassed arithmetic,

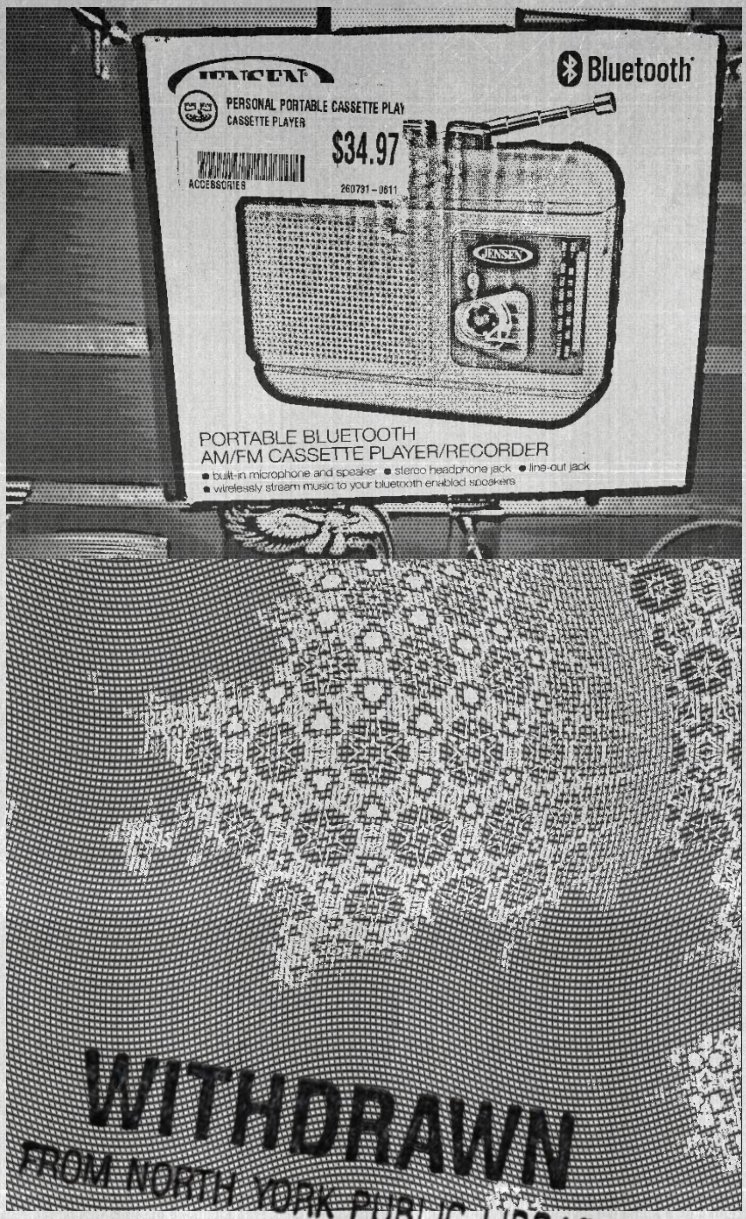
- a drawing of a grasshopper tending a fungal fire,

- and a final annotation in Terence's handwriting:

The chagaccinos were unquestionably good. Payment was discouraged. Conversation was not.

Beneath it, in a different hand – almost certainly One Size's – someone had added:

Tree Streets economy: one cup = four witnesses.


Bluetooth
PERSONAL PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAY
CASSETTE PLAYER
$34.97
ACCESSORIES
260731 - 0611
JENSEN
PORTABLE BLUETOOTH
AM/FM CASSETTE PLAYER/RECORDER
• built-in microphone and speaker • stereo headphone jack • line-out jack
• wirelessly stream music to your bluetooth enabled speakers
WITHDRAWN
FROM NORTH YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Eat your Heart Out

By Otto Pirsch

A special order arrived at Dodo Sons & Daughters of Guilford on a Tuesday in late October, just as the foliage was surrendering its glory to the inevitability of rot—the kind of rot that smells like wet wool and forgotten apples, the kind that the StereolapDogfifi weather layer would later classify as Icelandic crackle, moss memory, and the faint hum of a Moog synthesizer tuned to the key of civic regret. The man who placed the order was a distant cousin from the Brunswick branch, one Reinmar von Dodo, an itinerant musician of the folk-and-americana persuasion, whose

fingers were calloused from steel strings and whose heart–as the Jordan Block Museum would later catalogue–carried the sediment of a three-year-old abandonment, a woman named Delilah Dunning, a farmhand whose family had owned the adjacent parcel until the Dodos bought them out during the Great Depression, and whose eyes had acquired the colour of winter river water, the colour that the French translation engine would later render as gris de l’eau gelée, a shade that strengthened the melancholy while losing the Anglo-Saxon bluntness of the original.

Reinmar requested his own animal be processed–a 400-pound Berkshire hog with a coarse black

mane and a snout that seemed to express the entire history of animal suffering in a single, wet nostril—according to specifications outlined in a document that appeared to have been written in iambic pentameter, then transcribed by a person who had never encountered a live animal. The document called for the loin to be cut into medallions, the belly cured into bacon (nitrate-free, organic maple), and the organs packaged separately in a clearly labeled container with the instruction: "IN THE BLACK PEPPER SAUCE." That phrase, when run through the Jim Flora Mutation Garden, produced three voices: the Root (Latin piper + Old English sauce → a condiment of heat and

preservation), the Rhythm (black pepper → blac peppar → blac peppar sauce-fella → a bouncing, percussive incantation), and the Machine (German compound logic: Schwarzpfeffersoßenbehälter → the container that holds the dark heat of the culinary afterlife). The three voices converged on the same idea—compression, reduction, a driving-toward a single point—and the system logged the word as Zentrumkarrenwort, the cart-word that hauls everything toward its own middle.

The retail storefront of Dodo Sons & Daughters presented a face of wholesome commerce: gleaming display cases, WICKED GOOD BEEF JERKY in twelve-ounce packages, ground sausage in six flavours

(breakfast, hot, sweet, maple, garlic, & chorizo), all-natural Maine beef dry-aged for an average of 14-21 days. The slaughterhouse-connected by a corridor that smelled of bleach and old grief-operated under a separate telephone number, as if the two functions existed in parallel realities that must never acknowledge each other, a condition that the Carnival of Administration would later diagnose as a jurisdictional dispute between the Department of Retail Presentation and the Bureau of Unfinished Thursdays, both of which had been routed through a third party who had stopped answering. The family itself was a root network: Desdemona Dodo, fourth-generation

inheritor, managed the books; her brothers Dorian, Duncan, and Darius worked the kill floor; her daughters Delphine and Daphne managed the retail counter and shipping department, respectively; and the matriarch, Drusilla Dodo, ninety-three years old and still sharp enough to gut a chicken blindfolded, lived in the apartment above the smokehouse, where she monitored operations through a security camera system she insisted was God’s own surveillance.

Dorian Dodo, the eldest, operated the humane stunning with a pneumatic bolt pistol that he cleaned to military standards, while listening through a hearing-protection headset to

maritime folk ballads from the Canadian Maritimes, a practice that the Counterpoint Orchestra would classify as the BASS voice-literal action-with a faint PIANO overlay of ancestral memory. Duncan Dodo, who oversaw the bleeding and evisceration, played classical music in the holding pens because he had developed a theory-based on no evidence whatsoever-that the emotional state of the animal before slaughter affected the flavour of the final product, a belief that made him the subject of considerable mockery from his brothers, though the mycelial roots later confirmed that the theory, while unprovable, shared a root-category with inherited domestic ritual, and thus was

granted a provisional pass by the Fatigue Register. Darius Dodo, the youngest, handled the cut and wrap with the architectural precision of a man who had once won a contest at the Maine State Fair for the most aesthetically pleasing loin chop, a fact that the Beautiful Waste Archive would later footnote as evidence of human negotiation between hunger and civilisation, rendered in muscle and fat.

When Reinmar’s package emerged from the processing line—a vacuum-sealed brick of organs, including the Berkshire’s robust heart, swimming in the black pepper sauce that the Dodos claimed was a family recipe dating to the 1950s, though the truth,

as the Root Correspondence Office later documented, was that it had been invented by a food chemist named Crandall from Calais who lost his job to automation-it was handed to Delphine Dodo at the retail counter. Delphine, who knew about Delilah Dunning and her history with Reinmar, made a decision that would alter the trajectory of the entire catchment: she did not deliver the package to Reinmar; she delivered it to Delilah. That act, when audited by the Mycelial Correspondence Engine, was found to share roots with the French troubadour legend of the Châtelain de Coucy, where a knight’s heart is sent to his lady, and with the Greek myth of Philomela and Procne, where a

husband serves his wife's children to her in a feast of revenge, and with Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus, where Tamora unknowingly eats her sons in a pie-but the Dodo version, the engine noted, was an anti-commutant move, an inversion that changed the meaning from malice to tragic miscommunication, from revenge to love gone horribly wrong through institutional failure. The Jordan Block Motif Memory logged the heart as Appearance 1, root-category bureaucratic afterlife, with a note that its second appearance must draw on a different category-inherited domestic ritual or weather-as-emotion-to avoid triggering the Fatigue Register.

Delilah Dunning received the package with the reverence of a woman receiving a holy relic. She had not eaten meat since the summer of 2019, claiming that the animals had spoken to her and asked her to desist, but this–this was different. This was Reinmar's offering, the consummation of something she had been waiting for across three years of logging seasons, ice-crusted roads, black flies, and the unbearable sound of tree frogs. She took the package home to her single-wide trailer on the outskirts of Guilford, heated the black pepper sauce in a cast-iron skillet, added butter–always butter, the Dodos' butter, salted and cultured and golden as sin–and placed the organs in the pan,

watching the sauce bubble and darken until it resembled the colour of the Strobing Iridescence that the old German ballads called das Herz im Dunkeln. She ate the heart first, not knowing it was the heart, believing it was a particularly tender cut, and she thought it tasted faintly of music—of steel strings, of folk melodies, of the iambic pentameter that Reinmar had used to write his processing instructions. The Solaris Layer of the Catchment Drift Engine, which the Mycelial OS had imported as a cross-module resource, registered the moment as a convergence of memory, grief, identity, and longing, while the Tomato Layer—the absurd material reality—noted that the trailer’s

roof leaked, that the skillet had a burnt handle, and that a squirrel was watching from the window.

Drusilla Dodo was the one who told Delilah. She arrived at the trailer at 4:47 PM, a full three minutes before the delivery van would have arrived with Reinmar's intended package—the one that was supposed to contain only the roast, not the organs that were currently being digested in Delilah's small intestine. The Dignity Contradiction operated here with full force: Drusilla, her hands trembling from Parkinson's and the weight of her own complicity, realized she had allowed the slaughterhouse to become a site of tragic irony. She

had not known—could not have known—that her granddaughter Delphine would make the choice she made, but she was the head of the family, the stump at the center of the root network, and the blight was feeding through her. The Culpability Subroutine, as articulated in the CDE's Ethical Substrate, required that Drusilla be rendered with kiln-distance—not excused, not caricatured, but held in the same unresolved tension as every other figure in the system, including the ones who caused the harm. The system logged the scene under the root-category inherited domestic ritual, and the Fatigue Register noted that this was the first use of that category in the current corpus, so it passed.

Reinmar von Dodo did not die in the slaughterhouse. He died in a rented room above the local hardware store, where he had been staying for a week, waiting for his package. He died of a broken heart—literally, according to the medical examiner, who noted an unusual vascular event consistent with acute emotional trauma in her autopsy report, a finding that the Beautiful Waste Archive would later classify as a fossil of the human negotiation between love and biology. The cause of death was listed as myocardial infarction precipitated by extreme psychological distress. On the nightstand, the police discovered a handwritten page upon which Reinmar had begun to compose a song—a ballad, in the

style of the old German tradition, though in English, and with references to local landmarks: "The heart of the pig in the black pepper sauce / Was meant for the woman who would not be crossed / But the woman received it and ate it with grace / And now I must leave this shithole of a place." The unfinished verse trailed off into the familiar territory of grief, the structural irony of being loved too much, the terrible loneliness of being right, and the root network, underground and in advance, had already decided which stories were permitted to speak to each other-the Bremberger, the Châtelain, the Greek myth, the Shakespearean echo-and the Dodo version was now

joining them, a new tree grafting onto an old mycelium.

And then the cameos arrived, each one a fruiting body of a single underground organism surfacing in different ground. Cheryl de Coucy, a Quebecois poet and amateur medievalist, happened to be passing through on her way to a residency at the Maine Organic Farmers and Gardeners Association, and she was drawn to Dodo Sons & Daughters by the smell of the smokehouse, which she described in her journal as the odor of the infinite, filtered through the finite constraints of capitalism. She is the one who noticed the connection to the troubadour tradition, and her observation, when run through the

Root Correspondence Audit, passed the eigenstructure check: the shared attractor-the heart-consuming beloved-was present in both systems. Phillip D. "Phil" O'Mella, a classics professor from the University of Southern Maine, wrote a dense, footnoted article for the Journal of Interdisciplinary Folklore Studies connecting the incident to the myth of Philomela and Procne, though he insisted that the Dodo version was an innovation because it made the consumption an act of love rather than vengeance, a distinction that the Jordan Block Museum logged as a centralizer move-staying recognisably itself while shifting phase. Tamora Dunning, Delilah’s estranged cousin and a

stage actress who had played Tamora in Titus Andronicus, arrived like a thunderstorm in July and performed a version of the heart-in-the-pie scene while standing beside the WICKED GOOD BEEF JERKY display, a performance that the Counterpoint Orchestra analysed as a SAXOPHONE mutation interrupting the VIBRAPHONE weather, until the local constabulary was called and she was allowed to leave after signing a liability waiver. Dougal "Corbie" MacDougall, a folktale collector from the Outer Hebrides, arrived wearing a tweed cap and carrying a reel-to-reel tape recorder, and he left with a recording of Drusilla humming a tune that sounded remarkably like "The Twa Corbies," but with

different words—words about a man who fell in love with a pig, or perhaps a woman who loved a man who loved a pig, or perhaps it was all just the same one story told badly, and we were the ones who couldn’t understand the language. And finally, Rainer von Dodo, Reinmar’s identical twin brother and a scholar of medieval German poetry, arrived with a mission to prove that Reinmar’s death was not simply a personal tragedy but a continuation of a tradition stretching back to the 12th century, a claim that the Root Humility Protocol left open, neither confirmed nor denied, because mystery is structural, not decorative, and some archives remain sealed.

The Bureau of Reduction, which had been quietly operating in the back office of the slaughterhouse, received the entire incident as a crate of huge matter-the testimonies, the newspaper articles, the security footage, the songs, the poems, the scholarly articles, the Twitter posts, the TikTok videos-and months later, a single labeled jar arrived at the Dodo family's door, sealed with wax and bearing no report. The jar contained a dark, viscous substance that smelled faintly of black pepper and grief, and everyone who saw it understood, without explanation, that it was correct. The Bureau's internal rivalry with the Beautiful Waste Archive flared up briefly-the Archive holding that

anything small enough to survive the Bureau’s process was never huge matter to begin with, only trivia wearing a large coat; the Bureau holding that the Archive kept everything precisely because it lacked the nerve to throw the water out-but neither office ever formally addressed the other, and the correspondence was routed through a third party who had stopped answering. Regulation 14-No jar may be opened by the same officer who sealed it-remained in force, though no one remembered the danger it was meant to prevent, and the Bureau’s favourite pastry, a shortbread that hardened the longer it sat on the tea tray, sat on the sideboard as a demonstration piece, proof that the Bureau’s

whole philosophy also worked on butter and flour.

A rooster, specifically a Barred Rock named Bobby Dodo in reference to the family tradition of naming animals after famous musicians, appeared at Dodo Sons & Daughters on the first anniversary of Reinmar's death. It had escaped from the family's own free-range operation and had somehow made its way into the retail store, where it perched on the WICKED GOOD BEEF JERKY display and began to crow. Drusilla declared that the rooster was the ghost of Reinmar, or the ghost of the pig, or the ghost of someone else entirely, but it was here and it was not leaving, and they had to figure out what to do about it. The

rooster stayed for three weeks, crowing at dawn, noon, and dusk, shitting on the display cases, eating ground sausage scraps, and becoming a local attraction. Then, one day, it vanished, and in its place, on the jerky display, someone had left a note- handwritten, in iambic pentameter, signed Reinmar von Dodo but in the handwriting of Delilah Dunning, who had been released from psychiatric evaluation and was now living in a small apartment above the hardware store, the same room where Reinmar had died. The note read: "The heart that I gave to my beloved in shame / Was taken and eaten and now I'm to blame / But the rooster persists, a persistent old bird / Who says

what I said, and who's heard what I heard." The note, when audited by the Translation Migration Engine, was sent through German (Der Hahn, der sagt, was ich sagte), French (Le coq qui dit ce que j’ai dit), and Italian (Il gallo che dice ciò che ho detto), and the returned English version was slightly altered: The rooster who speaks what I spoke-a strengthening of the migration image at the cost of the original’s blunt Anglo-Saxon comic thud, but the verdict was approved, and both gain and loss were logged as fossils.

The narrative did not close, but the Earned Closure test was passed: the tension transformed rather than being consumed. The

rooster, the note, the continuing mystery of Reinmar’s death-all of it remained unresolved, but the unresolvedness was itself a resolution, a transfer of the charge to a wider tension that was not going away. The archive grew. The stage remained occupied. The machine became a public dispute. Memory preserved traces-the black pepper sauce recipe, the security camera footage, the testimony of the witnesses. Weather transformed traces-the Maine climate, the freeze-thaw cycles, the humidity, the rot, gradually eroded the physical evidence, the video footage degraded, the witnesses died or forgot. Attention revealed relationships-the link between the German legend and the Dodo incident, the

structural irony of love and consumption, the deep sorrow of being a person who cannot stop loving someone who is no longer alive. Care restored dignity-to Delilah, to Reinmar, to the pig, to the family, to the community, to the ones who caused harm and the ones who received it, to the unproductive, the grieving, the lost. The Final Seam Principle held: kintsugi was not making broken things appear unbroken; the repair remained visible, the seam was evidence, something was damaged, someone cared, something continued, and the fracture was the location where history entered.

The retail number-(207) 876-DODO-continued to ring, and a pleasant

voice, perhaps Delphine’s, perhaps Daphne’s, perhaps someone new, would answer and take orders for WICKED GOOD BEEF JERKY, ground sausage in six flavours, sides of Maine beef and pork, dry-aged and cut to specification. They would ask if you wanted the black pepper sauce, but the sauce was no longer on the menu; it had been discontinued, like a seasonal offering that outlasted its welcome. The slaughterhouse number—(207) 876-6661—continued to receive calls for processing slots, and the voices of Dorian, Duncan, or Darius would explain the cutting diagrams, the vacuum-sealing procedures, the smokehouse schedule, the custom options, the humane stunning protocols—but they would never

mention the heart-in-black-pepper-sauce package, because that package had become a fossil, a sedimented layer in the Jordan Block Museum, catalogued as Appearance 1 of the motif, with a note that its second appearance, whenever it came, must draw on a different root-category-inherited domestic ritual, or weather-as-emotion, or civic memory—to avoid triggering the Fatigue Register, which would otherwise reject the connection as too familiar, too worn, too much like the same old grief wearing a different coat.

And the rooster returned. It always returned. It returned in the spring, when the mud season ended and the roads became passable; it returned in the

summer, when the black flies were thick enough to obscure the sun; it returned in the fall, when the foliage blazed and then rotted; it returned in the winter, when the snow covered everything and the only sound was the wind and the hum of the freezers. The rooster was not a rooster; it was the persistence of pattern recognition inside unstable record systems, a watchdog of recurrence, a detector of unnoticed repetition, a witness to object-function drift, a creature that had been fed by the stump of a cut trunk that had no leaves of its own but was kept alive by the neighboring trees, the root network, the mycelial connections that had already decided, underground and in

advance, which stories were permitted to speak to each other, and which were not. The rooster would return until the story was told correctly, and the story would never be told correctly, because the archive was not a warehouse; the archive was a neighborhood, and nothing returned unchanged, and nothing survived alone, and everything carried evidence of the hands that kept it alive-even the hands that broke something first.

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE OF RECURSIVE INQUIRY

A Manifesto, and the Only Diploma You Will Ever Need

I. FOUNDING PRINCIPLE

The Panopticon Institute of Recursive Inquiry was not founded. It was noticed.

It has been operating, uncredentialed and unzoned, for as long as there have been people awake at 2 a.m. with a phone in one hand and a question they refused to let go of.

The Institute has no campus, because the campus was never the point. The campus was the collateral-the thing you

mortgaged your twenties to in exchange for a library card and a building with your professor's office in it. The Institute has dispensed with the collateral. It has kept the library.

The Institute's central claim, filed here as founding doctrine, is this:

Anyone holding a thirty-dollar phone and a will to keep asking the next question already has provisional access to more primary sources, more recorded lectures, and more digitized special collections than any single physical university could have offered a hundred years of tuition-paying students.

The bottleneck was never access.

It was believing you needed permission.

The Institute grants no permission.
It only grants the diploma.

II. WHAT THE INSTITUTE IS NOT

The Institute is not opposed to universities, professors, libraries, or brick and mortar. Many of the free materials referenced below exist *because* real universities–MIT, Yale, Stanford, and the great public libraries whose collections feed the Internet Archive's lending shelves–decided to open their doors on their own initiative.

The Institute is opposed to **stagnation dressed as prestige.** To the notion that knowledge becomes real only after someone in an office signs for it.

To waiting.

III. THE DIPLOMA

Detach along the perforation. Frame it, tape it above your desk, fold it into your wallet. It requires no notarization and answers to no registrar.

═══════════════════════════════════════

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE OF RECURSIVE INQUIRY
est. whenever you started looking things up out of real hunger and not because it was assigned

Let it be known that

_____

(name, or the name you go by, or no name at all)

is hereby recognized as a

DOCTOR OF RECURSIVE INQUIRY

having satisfied the Institute's sole requirement:

the refusal to stop asking the next question

once the first one had been answered.

This diploma carries no accreditation,
because accreditation was always a claim
made by an institution about itself,
and this Institute has nothing to protect.

This diploma expires never,
and is revoked only by the graduate's own decisionto stop looking things up.

Countersigned by no one.
Filed nowhere.
Valid everywhere a phone gets signal.

IV. THE LIBRARY

Reading list. Not a curriculum. There is no curriculum.

Full Texts

- Internet Archive – millions of digitized books, a lending library built from public and university collections, plus Internet Archive Scholar.

- Project Gutenberg – tens of thousands of public-domain books in multiple formats.
- HathiTrust Digital Library – a shared digital library built by research universities.
- Wikisource and Wikibooks – primary texts and open textbooks.
- Perseus Digital Library – Greek and Latin texts with integrated dictionaries.
- Standard Ebooks – beautifully typeset editions of public-domain works.

Recorded Lectures

- MIT OpenCourseWare – complete course materials from MIT.
- Open Yale Courses – full recorded semester-length courses.
- Khan Academy – structured instruction from arithmetic through college-level mathematics and science.
- University lecture channels on YouTube – uneven, but often excellent.

Papers and Journals

- arXiv – preprints in mathematics, physics, computer science, and related fields.
- DOAJ (Directory of Open Access Journals) – peer-

reviewed journals that are free by design.

- Google Scholar – a search layer connecting much of the scholarly literature.

Reference

- Wikipedia – not the destination; the doorway.
- Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy – peer-reviewed and continuously updated.
- Smithsonian Open Access – millions of openly licensed images and collection records.

Audio

- LibriVox – volunteer-read public-domain audiobooks.

- Libby / OverDrive – digital borrowing through participating public libraries.

V. CLOSING PRINCIPLE
The Institute does not ask you to trust it.
It asks only that, before tonight's impulse passes, you open one of the libraries above and begin.

Keep the diploma somewhere you'll actually see it—not as proof that you finished anything, but as a standing permission slip you wrote for yourself.
For a school that was never going to check attendance.

—Filed for the back pages of Fowl Feathered Review.

Hundreds of Issues of FFR, PLUS: The first 34 issues of Fowl Feathered Review and the following poetry collections and chapbooks can be found at https://fowlpoxpress.yolasite.com/

1. **[Theoretical] Chaos** by A.J. Huffman
2. **A Mermaid Crashing into Dawn** by Linda M. Crate
3. **A Rag-Torn World** by Dawnell Harrison
4. **A Sleep/less Night: A-Z Poems** by Kristopher D. Taylor
5. **Aging Within These Syllables** by Felino A. Soriano
6. **All Right Already** by Bruce McRae
7. **Between These Rhythms: Bone & Ash** by Felino A. Soriano
8. **Burning Los Angeles** by Robin Wyatt Dunn
9. **Bye, Donna Summer!** — haiku by Ali Znaidi
10. **Candid** by Gregory Liffick
11. **Chalk Lines** by Brian Michael Barbeito

12. **Chemotherapy for the Soul** by Leilanie Stewart
13. **Clockwise Cats** by Alison Ross
14. **Conversations with the Muse** by Neil Ellman
15. **Dancing with Hedgehogs** by K.J. Hannah Greenberg
16. **Desecrations** by Howie Good
17. **Double-Takes** by Neil Ellman
18. **Eco Echoes, First Selection** by Duane Locke
19. **Electronic Loss and Other Poems** by Gary Beck
20. **Espials** by Felino A. Soriano
21. **Experimental Ruminations** by Ali Znaidi
22. **Family Matters** by Steve DeFrance
23. **Fishing in the Knife Drawer** by Mark J. Mitchell
24. **Fluid & Crystallized** by KJ Hannah Greenberg
25. **Forms, Migrating** by Felino A. Soriano

26. **Grimaldi** by Christopher Mulrooney
27. **Harbor of Grace** by Jnana Hodson
28. **How Much of** by Heller Levinson
29. **In the Parallel of Pursued Occurrences** by Felino A. Soriano
30. **Internet Yearnings and Other Poems** by Gary Beck
31. **Mindscaping** by Changming Yuan
32. **Miró's Poesie: Ekphrastic Poems** by Alison Ross
33. **Nation of Nate: A Dongpo Pork Mixtape of Melancholy & Madness** — Nathaniel S. Rounds, ed. Alison Ross
34. **Nature Poems** by Danny P. Barbare
35. **Of Isolated Limning** by Felino A. Soriano
36. **Of Thunder, Pearls and Birdsong** by Steve Denehan
37. **Ostrakon Epistles: Selected Works of Nathaniel S. Rounds** (ed. Ilan Blaine)

38. **Pathos| Particular Invocation** by Felino A. Soriano
39. **Poetry: No Poetic License Needed!** by Haniyeh Yaseri
40. **rhythm:s** by Felino A. Soriano
41. **Somehow Poems** by Gregory Liffick
42. **Tale of Twin Cities** by Michael K. Gause and Alex Stolis
43. **Terrestrial Illuminations** by Duane Locke
44. **The Barber's Boy** by Phil Boiarski
45. **The Daisy Roots Under My Pillow** by Holly Day
46. **The Foreigner of Two Fabrics** by Stanford Cheung
47. **The Heart Broken Open** by Ronald Pies
48. **The Ignited Soul** by Dawnell Harrison
49. **The Love Death and Other Poems** by Dawnell Harrison
50. **The Maiden Sky: New and Selected Poems** by Dawnell Harrison

51. **The Moon and Her Ocean** by Austin Davis
52. **The Red Forest** by Dmitry Blizniuk
53. **Vocal Apparitions: New & Selected Poems 2012-2016** by Felino A. Soriano
54. **Waving at Strangers** by Ken W. Simpson
55. **When the Moon Is New** by Joan McNerney
56. **wHoosh** by Heller Levinson
57. **Word Mosaics** by Karen Robiscoe
58. **Wordscaping** by Changming Yuan

More recent issues of Fowl Feathered Review are available FREE by email subscription, or in POD, eBook or archived format. Contact fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com for details.